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Soon, thereafter, young Kane, who was then about twenty-four years of age, of slight build, with dark, curly hair, aristocratic features and, in rather frail health, joined Mr. Little in Washington where Little had gone to secure federal aid for the Saints who planned to move westward into what was then Mexican territory. The result of these interviews was the calling of five hundred men into the service of the United States, known as the Mormon Battalion.

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After a brief stay at Leavenworth, Kane left for the Mormon headquarters on the Missouri. From this time he became a champion of the Mormon people which oftentimes cost him much in personal popularity and health. He arrived at the camp of Israel July 11, 1846 and soon after visited Brigham Young. The president was anxious for Kane to address the people but because of the young man's physical condition he was unable to speak at that time. A physician from Fort Leavenworth was called to attend him and he diagnosed Kane's illness as "violent bilious fever of the region." He recovered from this illness but remained for sometime in the camp of the Mormons.

Soon the red men complained that the Mormons were occupying their land and some unpleasantness was noted. It was then that Thomas sent a message to his father, Judge John Kane, who interceded with President Polk. Thus permission was granted for the Saints to stay



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on the Pottowattomie lands located on the east bank of the Missouri. In September Kane prepared to leave. He then requested a patriarchal blessing from the patriarch of the Church, John Smith. A copy of this blessing was one of his treasured keepsakes until his death some thirty-seven years later.

"He (the Lord) hath given the angel's charge over thee to guard thee in times of danger, to deliver thee out of all troubles and defend thee from thine enemies; not a hair of thine head shall ever fall by the hand of the enemy, for thou art appointed to do a great work on earth and thou shalt be blessed in all thine undertakings and thy name shall be had in honorable remembrance among the Saints to all generations."

When Col. Kane left the camping grounds of the Saints he visited Nauvoo as he made his way to his Philadelphia home. He arrived after the mob had destroyed much of the beautiful city situated on the banks of the Mississippi and found Thomas S. Brockman, the mob leader, had set up offices in the Temple. He was heartsick as he heard from the steeple of the Temple "the revelry of vulgar songs, curses and shouts."

Soon after his return to Philadelphia he went to Washington and gained permission for the Mormons to remain also on the Omaha Indian lands to the west. The Omahas, in return for this privilege, were helped by the Mormons in farming, blacksmithing, building fences, homes and standing as protectors from the hostile Sioux. Wherever Col. Kane went in his speeches, talks, and writings he became the ardent defender of the Mormons.

Later he wrote letters to the Mayor of Boston in behalf of the Mormons and in New York City, early in 1848, called a public meeting presided over by the mayor of the city, the purpose of which was to get relief for those Mormons who were camped along the trail to Utah.

In 1848, in his own city, he advertised with printed circulars a meeting which he was calling for the relief of the persecuted Mormons.

The following is an account showing the result of a meeting held in New York City.

"In accordance with the public call, a meeting was held lately in the Chapel of the University, New York, for the purpose of listening to an appeal on behalf of the distressed Mormons, now scattered in the Far West; and the statements made were of a character to awaken the deepest sympathy in this community for the miseries that have accumulated upon that sect.

"The Hon. William V. Brady, mayor of the city, presided: assisted by the Hon. Theodore Fretlinghuysen, and Rev. Dr. Whitehouse, Vice-presidents, and Rev. Rufus Griswold, Secretary. Mayor Brady, in taking the chair, made a few remarks in explanation of the object of it, and introduced—

"Col. T. L. Kane of Philadelphia, who stated on his return, recently, from the Far West, he had been brought in contact with the Mormons scattered over that country, and during an intimate intercourse with them, had opportunities of observing their distresses and of ascertaining their character. They were a simple kind-hearted and well-meaning people, and were borne down by afflictions and deprivations; for a more explicit explanation of which he referred to two Mormons then present, Messrs. Ezra Benson and Jesse Little, who had shared in the general suffering, and to the accuracy of whose statements he was willing to pledge his own word and responsibility. He had everywhere found the Mormons pining from want and disease; and their sufferings were of a nature to justify the strongest appeal to the philanthropic.

"The Hon. Benjamin F. Buttler in furtherance of the object of the meeting offered to read the following resolutions:—

"WHEREAS: We have been credibly informed that several thousands of our fellow citizens, commonly known as Mormons, are now wandering on the prairies of the far west in a state of extreme destitution and suffering, resulting from the untimely death of hundreds of their numbers, and threatening the destitution of the residue by hardships and famine:

"THEREFORE RESOLVED, That in view of the human misery and destitution which we have the ability to mitigate, we know no difference of creed or sect, and consider only our duty, as men and Christians, to feed the hungry and comfort the afflicted, whoever and wherever they may be.

"RESOLVED, That after the generous and compassionate spirit evinced by our people in reference to the suffering of Greece and Ireland, it would not become them to suffer thousands of their own countrymen to perish for want of seed to plant, implements of husbandry; and medicines for the sick, and food to sustain them, until their labor could be made sufficiently productive for their support when a moderate benefaction would place the sufferers beyond the reach of want and wretchedness.

"RESOLVED, That upon statements made by Col. T. L. Kane, of Philadelphia, we commend to the favourable consideration of our fellow citizens, the application about to be made to them by Messrs. Benson, Appleby, Little and Snow, the committee now in this city, for donations to relieve emigrant Mormons in their present necessities.

"Their resolutions were unanimously adopted, and, after some conversation between gentlemen present, and Col. Kane, the meeting adjourned."—*Millennial Star* April 15, 1848.

THE UTAH WAR

From the writings of Wendell J. Ashton in his book "Theirs Is the Kingdom" we quote the following paragraphs descriptive of this period

in Utah's history called the Utah War or Buchanan's Blunder and the part played by Col. Kane in the settlement of this important episode.

"Franklin Pierce, a handsome orator from New Hampshire who succeeded Fillmore as President hesitantly reappointed Brigham Young as governor of Utah Territory. But Pierce's successor James Buchanan, soon after taking office, moved to displace Governor Young. This trouble, like the "runaway" incident, was set off by explosive federal appointees, who, in this instance, were two gossiping judges, George P. Stiles and William W. Drummond who raised the familiar cry of 'disloyalty' among the Mormons.

"President Buchanan, whose Pennsylvania home was only about fifty miles from Kane's, heard the reports. Disregarding the American tradition of self-rule and without a thorough investigation, Buchanan named Alfred Cumming of Georgia to succeed Brigham Young as territorial governor. The President ordered an army of twenty-five hundred men, with their long trains of supply wagons and herds for meat, to accompany the new appointee to Utah and quell any 'rebellion' that might flare.

"The first notice of the invasion reached Governor Young during the 1857 July Twenty-Fourth celebration in Big Cottonwood Canyon where nearly three thousand Saints had gathered under the high-flying Stars and Stripes. Three messengers, their horses steaming, rode into camp with the startling news.

"President Young ordered out the militia. Camps of defenders mushroomed up along 'The Narrows' of rugged Echo Canyon, where a small force could hold off a sizable attacking army. . . . 'We do not want to fight the United States,' declared Brigham Young, 'but if they drive us to it, we shall do the best we can; and I tell you, as the Lord lives, we shall come off conquerors.'

"At this trying hour in 1857, Brigham Young dispatched word to his trusted friend in Philadelphia requesting him to explain to President Buchanan the true status of government among the Saints.

"Kane decided to make a trip to Utah, a decision reached amid a barrage of protests. His health at the time was delicate, and he was now a married man and a father. Only a few months before his explorer brother, Elisha, died in Havana, his funeral being a national pageant of mourning. Thomas Kane's friends, his family and President Buchanan urged him against the hazardous journey. In his visit with President Buchanan, Kane told him that ' . . . as an American citizen he (Kane) would make an apology for him to Governor Young, as it was due for not sending him a notice that he (Buchanan) was going to send an army to Great Salt Lake. The president told Kane that his proposed mission was hopeless, adding, 'If you go, may Heaven protect you!' Then Buchanan, impressed with Kane's lofty motives, gave him a letter of introduction, commending him to the favorable regard of the officers of the United States.'

"As the Colonel was about to leave, his father handed Tom's wife a letter which he asked her to tuck in her husband's trunk. This note, in a way a farewell message from a noble father whom Kane was never again to see in the flesh, began:

" 'I have been so strenuously opposed to your whole project, and have said so many things against it which may come back hereafter unpleasantly to your memory that I think it right to say to you once and for all at the moment of our parting, that you carry with you all the blessings that a father's prayer can invoke . . . '

"Kane left with a lone companion, a servant. It was a mission of love, which Brigham Young later said was inspired by the Lord. Kane paid his own way, and in order to pull clean his stakes, resigned a well-paid position as clerk of the federal district court.

"Except for a few touches of beautiful scenery, the journey to Utah was a miserable one. Most of the trip was made by sea, a method of traveling that Kane abhorred. It was midwinter. . . . When he embarked from Panama for San Francisco, his troubles began anew. Vicious headaches plagued him despite a calm sea. In San Francisco he drove 'crazily about strange streets hunting for Mormons—two hours before I found one.' Then he went to sleep in a 'moldy' bed, after a meal of stale black beef, tallow cheese and a soda cracker.

"Next day he took the two-day boat trip to San Pedro. . . . From San Pedro, he rode much of the distance to Salt Lake City by horseback, although the last phase of the journey was in a heavy spring carriage drawn by four horses. He was accompanied by three Mormon men. Kane traveled as 'Dr. A. Osborne' taking the name of his colored servant.

"At Cottonwood Springs, about twelve miles from Las Vegas, the little party found a camp of Apostle Amasa M. Lyman. Kane, ill and weary, rested there for a day. Rhoda Ann Lyman, wife of the apostle made Kane some hand and arm mufflers from a buffalo hide. The weather on the trail to Salt Lake City would be bitter cold.

"No time was lost when Kane's carriage arrived at Salt Lake City late in February, 1858. He was ushered to the palatial home of Elder William C. Staines, a native Englishman, whose large, lush peaches were famous in the valley. Upon learning Dr. Osborne's identity a few days later, his host asked him the reason for his cognomen.

" 'My dear friend,' Kane answered, 'I was once so kindly treated at Winter Quarters that I am sensitive over its memories. I knew you to be a good people then; but since, I have heard so many hard things about you, that I thought I would like to convince myself whether or not the people possessed the same humane and hospitable spirit which I found in them once. I thought, if I go to the house of any of my great friends at Winter Quarters they will treat me as Thomas L. Kane with a remembrance of some of the services I may

have rendered them. So I requested to be sent to some stranger's house, as 'Dr. Osborne,' that I might know how the Mormon people would treat a stranger at such a moment as this . . .'

"The day of Kane's arrival, Brigham Young notified him of 'his joy and surprise,' and a meeting with the Church leaders was called for that very evening. In a formal beginning of the meeting with leading authorities, Kane was introduced by Joseph A. Young. Kane asked the brethren to be sympathetic with the army 'now suffering in the cold and snows of the mountains.' Then he requested a private interview with President Young.

"The two old friends chatted for about half an hour . . . and no doubt some of the suggestions made by Colonel Kane influenced President Young's actions toward the army. He told Kane that ' . . . as he had been inspired to come there, he should go to the army and do as the Spirit of the Lord led him, and all would be right.'

"The meeting closed with President Young's comment to Kane: 'Brother Thomas, the Lord sent you here, and He will not let you die. No! You cannot die till your work is done: I want to have your name live with the Saints to all eternity. You have done a great work and you will do a greater work still.'

"The Colonel remained in the taut atmosphere of Salt Lake City almost two weeks proceeding to Camp Scott, headquarters of Colonel Johnston. The stakes had piled high for his peace mission, which in the East had not only been discouraged by his family, friends, and President Buchanan, but also by Dr. Bernhisel, Utah's delegate to Congress, who believed that the breach between the army and the Saints had widened too far to be bridged by conciliation.

"Hatred at Camp Scott had been intensified a few months before when Mormon scouts, with orders to harass the invaders but not to shed blood, burned trains of supply-laden wagons, stampeded away droves of cattle, scorched the army's grazing areas, and burned two Mormon forts, lest they fell into the hands of the enemy.

"Then, about the time of Kane's arrival, ugly reports reached Utah of a planned invasion by another army from the southwest by way of the Colorado River. Heavy reinforcements were being prepared for Johnston's Army, said other reports. The Secretary of War had recommended five additional regiments, at least. War supplies streamed into Salt Lake City from the outlying settlements. One rider alone brought five hundred revolvers from San Bernardino. Word went abroad for missionaries to hasten home to take up arms in defense of the Saints. Upon hearing the news, an elder in England, Charles W. Penrose penned a rally song, 'Up, Awake Ye Defenders of Zion.'

"A procession of conflicting thoughts must have passed through Kane's mind as he rode through the cold, wind-swept mountains to Camp Scott. What if he failed? Wise men like his father, Dr. Bernhisel, and even the President of the United States had told him that

he was a fool to make the trip. Perhaps they were right after all, what would his reception be? Could Colonel Johnston or Alfred Cumming have read some of his newspaper articles defending the Mormons? Would he be seized as a spy?

"Kane's arrival at the camp was exciting. His coming met some difficulty, and shots rang out across the prairie. The entire day following his arrival, Kane spent in conference with Governor Cumming.

"Johnston's attitude toward the visitor remained cool. Kane submitted to him President Young's offer to send cattle and flour to the army, which, the President had learned, was short-rationed. Johnston refused, with an outburst decrying the Mormons as rebels. When an attempt was made to arrest Kane he fumed out a challenge to Johnston for a duel, and Cumming agreed to serve as Kane's second.

"Colonel Kane remained at Camp Scott for three weeks. During this time he, sleeping in falling snow several nights, kept in constant touch with Mormon messengers on the outer fringes of the camp.

"These contacts, no doubt, assured Kane that the Saints would be willing to receive Governor Cumming without an armed escort. While Kane was at Camp Scott, a 'council of war' convened in the adobe historian's office adjoining George A. Smith's home in Salt Lake City. Here a decision was reached no longer to plan armed resistance to the army should it attempt to enter, but to ' . . . go to the desert . . . and let them destroy themselves.' All women and children would be moved to the southern settlements and deserts, and militiamen would remain to scorch the earth if the soldiers came.

"Kane's conversation with Cumming bore fruit—fruit which carried with it the sweet juices of peace. On April 3, Cumming notified Colonel Johnston that he was going to Salt Lake City with Kane, unescorted. Two days later they left with but two attendants and a carriage and wagon.

"The day after their departure they met a small company of Mormon militiamen at Quaking Asp Hill, who accompanied the carriage to the military encampment at the head of Echo Canyon. Echo's passes were ribbed with trenches. Boulders on the high, jagged canyon walls had been loosened for rolling in case of invasion. The governor's passage through Echo had been arranged for nightfall so as to conceal such fortifications.

"Kane and Cumming found the canyon illumined like a great festival in India. Down through the passes massive bonfires splashed flames into the darkened heavens. In their glow, militiamen presented arms in honor of Cumming's entry. At the camps he gave short speeches, expressing the belief that the troubles in Utah would soon be ended. Kane's influence evidently had mellowed him, because it was this same Alfred Cumming who, in his proclamation to the people of Utah four months before, had declared that the Mormons had committed many treasonable acts.

"Because the snows were still deep on the Big Mountain trail, Cumming was brought through Weber Canyon via Farmington. At this little settlement, which had sent its mounted, uniformed guards out to meet his excellency, he was greeted with a band booming the 'Star Spangled Banner' at the courthouse. Cumming and Kane spent Sunday evening in Farmington. On Monday morning, the band arriving in carriages, serenaded them with 'Hail Columbia,' 'Yankee Doodle,' and other national airs. Cumming expressed astonishment at the love of such patriotic music in a region which had been described as 'rebel.'

"On the road from Farmington to Salt Lake City Kane and Cumming witnessed a pathetic parade: wagons, burdened with pots, pans, furniture, bundles of clothing, and women and children rolled southward. Before them herds of pigs, sheep, cattle, and horses grumbled along. These travelers were some of the thirty thousand Saints leaving their homes, orchards, and fields at planting time for the bleak southlands.

"At Sulphur Springs, just north of the city, the official carriage was greeted by the mayor and other city fathers. They accompanied the new governor to the Staines home, where Cumming was lodged.

"The day after his arrival, Cumming had his first interview with President Young, who was joined by George A. Smith, Church historian, and Heber C. Kimball of the First Presidency. Kane was also present, and toward the end of the talks, President Young assured the governor that if he had come to the city the previous fall he would have been made more comfortable. . . .

"The following day President Young and Governor Cumming had a private interview, with Kane the only other person present. At the close of the meeting, Cumming agreed to show the ex-governor his private instructions. About this time Colonel Kane, referring to the entry of Cumming, told President Young that he (Kane) ' . . . had caught the fish, now you can cook it as you have a mind to.'

"Making every effort to convince Cumming that the wild stories about the Mormons in the East were false, Kane took him to the Utah library. There the new governor was surprised to learn that the court records had not been burned.

"Conversations with President Young continued and on Saturday, April 24, a 'final and decisive' interview took place, of which Kane wrote in his diary: 'I am and know myself to be happy.'"

The following day Brigham Young introduced Alfred Cumming to a tabernacle congregation as the new governor.

"Kane's mission of peace, which he, like Brigham Young, believed was heaven-ordained, had met success. . . . Buchanan subsequently sent a Peace Commission to Utah to 'pardon' the Mormons.

"While Kane yet remained in Salt Lake City, he received word of his father's death. . . . Before leaving, Kane told his good friend

Brigham Young that he agreed with the course the Saints had taken. 'It is the cream of creams,' Kane said. 'You have taken the right course, and I want you to keep it; I would not have you take any other course for anything.'

"Kane was accompanied to Florence, Nebraska, by six mounted men selected by President Young. . . . At Florence, site of Winter Quarters which Kane had visited twelve years before, the Colonel dined the escort, and then departed with Egan for Washington. There Kane delivered important messages from Utah including reports from Governor Cumming."

Great Salt Lake City,
May 10, 1858.

Elder Thomas Williams,

Dear Brother:—

You have heard, ere this, that Colonel Thomas L. Kane paid us a visit. He came here via California. He was very sick on his arrival, remained with us about ten days, then proceeded to visit the United States troops at Fort Bridger. Some of our boys took him within about ten or twelve miles of the Fort, then watched him safe to camp. After laboring from two to three weeks, he succeeded in inducing Governor Cumming to consent to accompany him to G.S.L. City. Accordingly, on the 5th of April, they left Bridger with two carriages and each a servant. They traveled about fifteen miles upset one of the carriages in the snow, and there stuck for the night. It so happened that W. H. Kimball, E. Hanks, O. P. Rockwell, Howard Egan, and myself, with a few other good boys, were out scouting in that vicinity; and on the morning of the 6th of April, we took the Governor and his small party under our protection, and brought them safe to this place. It is one month today since we brought them into this city. I have been with them on a tour as far south as Spanish Fork, and returned here last Friday. The Governor has looked over the records of the Supreme Court, and also the Library, found all correct, and, of course, will contradict the reports which have gone abroad.

Tomorrow, I expect to go into the mountains with the Governor and his party. Howard Egan and five others of our brethren will accompany Colonel Kane to the States. The rest of us will leave them at or near Bridger.

The United States troops are expected to be in here on the first of June; but that will be if the Lord wills. For over a month the Saints have been very busy working south with their provisions and live stock. There are not a great many families in this city. The brethren from the North and Tooele have left. Yesterday, I sent off thirty-five hun-

dred of flour and wheat, also two of my wives, Susan and Ellen, with their children, and in a short time we shall have everybody out of this. Then, if we cannot do better, we shall cut down our fruit trees, set fire to our houses and move on slowly towards Sonora, although I believe the nearest way is to proceed via Jackson County, Mo. However we can go any way we please; we have now the Territory on wheels. . . .
—John Kay

President Buchanan wrote of Col. Thomas L. Kane after the offer of mediation between the general government and the authorities of the troubled territory of Utah were mediated: "I cannot refrain from mentioning the valuable services of Colonel Thomas L. Kane, who, from motives of pure benevolence and without any official character of pecuniary compensation, visited Utah during the last inclement winter for the purpose of contributing to the pacification of the Territory."

THE FAMOUS SPEECH

One of the most dramatic chapters in Kane's storied life occurred in the spring of 1850, when Zachary Taylor had moved into the White House amid a storm on slavery, and Congress was mulling over Deseret's application for statehood.

Kane had been spitting blood with his recurring illness during the winter just melting away, when an invitation came to him from the Historical Society of Pennsylvania to address its members Tuesday, March 26, in Philadelphia. He was given only four weeks in which to prepare. His family warned him against overstrain. But the invitation to Kane was like a call for a mission . . . a mission of mercy.

Deep into the night he toiled over his paper, while the rest of the house, including servants, were asleep. He worked while propped up in bed over a foot bath of hot water with a brandy-soaked towel around his forehead. In this setting he scratched out the story of his visit to the Mormon camps along the Missouri four years before, his spine-chilling experience at Nauvoo, the Indian tribes, and the character of the Saints.

The day for the address arrived and Kane was still bed-ridden. He was carried to the lecture hall and before introducing his subject, "The Mormons," he took a strong drug "to diminish action of heart and circulation." Kane spoke for forty minutes "without hemorrhage." . . . "But after it was all over, it seemed all over for me. . . ."

On his way home, the young lecturer, only twenty-eight, fainted, and for days he was so ill he could hardly move from bed. Yet down through the corridors of time that speech has re-echoed, and nearly a century later its excerpts were oft quoted, and its rhetoric extolled.

Weak as he was Kane rallied enough strength to read the proofs of his address, which was published in a handsome brochure, distributed

among reporters, the Library of Congress, Library of the Smithsonian Institute and among Congressmen.—*Wendell J. Ashton*

THE MORMONS

A discourse delivered before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, March 26, 1850

BY THOMAS L. KANE

A few years ago, ascending the Upper Mississippi in the autumn, when its waters were low, I was compelled to travel by land past the region of the rapids. My road lay through the half-breed tract, a fine section of Iowa, which the unsettled state of its land-titles had appropriated as a sanctuary for coiners, horse thieves, and other outlaws. I had left my steamer at Keokuk, at the foot of the Lower Fall to hire a carriage, and to contend for some fragments of a dirty meal with the swarming flies, the only scavengers of the locality. From this place to where the deep water of the river returns, my eye wearied to see everywhere sordid, vagabond and idle settlers; and a country marred without being improved, by their careless hands.

I was descending the last hillside upon my journey, when a landscape in delightful contrast broke upon my view. Half encircled by a bend of the river, a beautiful city lay glittering in the fresh morning sun, its bright new dwellings set in cool green gardens ranging up around a stately domeshaped hill, which was crowned by a noble edifice, whose high tapering spire was radiant with white and gold. The city appeared to cover several miles, and beyond it in the background, there rolled off a fair country, chequered by the careful lines of fruitful husbandry. The unmistakable marks of industry, enterprise, and educated wealth, everywhere, made the scene one of singular and most striking beauty.

THEIR CITY—NAUVOO

It was a natural impulse to visit this inviting region. I procured a skiff, and rowing across the river, landed at the chief wharf of the city. No one met me there. I looked and saw no one. I could hear no one move; though the quiet everywhere was such that I heard the flies buzz, and the water ripples break against the shallow of the beach. I walked through the solitary streets. The town lay as in a dream, under some deadening spell of loneliness, from which I almost feared to wake it. For plainly, it had not slept long. There was no grass growing up in the paved ways. Rains had not entirely washed away the prints of dusty footsteps.

Yet I went about unchecked. I went into empty workshops, ropewalks, and smithies. The spinner's wheel was idle; the carpenter had gone from his workbench and shavings, his unfinished sash and casing. Fresh bark was in the tanner's vat, and the fresh chopped light wood

stood piled against the baker's oven. The blacksmith's shop was cold; but his coal heap, and ladling pool, and crooked water horn were all there, as if he had just gone off for a holiday. No work people anywhere looked to know my errand. If I went into the gardens, clinking the wicket-latch loudly after me, to pull the marigolds, heart's-ease, and lady-slippers, and draw a drink with the water sodden well bucket and its noisy chain; or, knocking off with my stick the tall heavy-headed dahlias and sunflowers, hunted over the beds for cucumbers and love-apples,—no one called out to me from any opened window, or dog sprang forward to bark an alarm. I could have supposed the people hidden in the houses, but the doors were unfastened, and when at last I timidly entered them, I found ashes dead upon the hearths, and had to tread a tiptoe, as if walking down the aisle of a country church to avoid rousing irreverent echoes from the naked floors.

On the outskirts of the town was the city graveyard. But there was no record of plague there, nor did it anywise differ much from other Protestant American cemeteries. Some of the mounds were not long sodded; some of the stones were newly set, their dates recent, and their black inscriptions glossy in the mason's hardly-dried lettering ink. Beyond the graveyard, out in the fields, I saw in one spot hard by, where the fruited boughs of a young orchard had been roughly torn down, the still smouldering embers of a barbecue fire, that had been constructed of rails from the fencing round it. It was the latest sign of life there. Fields upon fields of heavy-headed yellow grain lay rotting ungathered upon the ground. No one was at hand to take in their rich harvest. As far as the eye could reach, they stretched away—they, sleeping, too, in the hazy air of autumn.

Only two portions of the city seemed to suggest the import of this mysterious solitude on the southern suburb, the houses looking out upon the country showed, by their splintered woodwork and walls battered to the foundation, that they had lately been the mark of destruction by cannonade. And in and around the splendid Temple, which had been the chief object of my admiration, armed men were barracked, surrounded by their stacks of musketry and pieces of heavy ordnance. These challenged me to render an account of myself, and why I had the temerity to cross the water without a written permit from a leader of their band. Though these men were generally more or less under the influence of ardent spirits; after I had explained myself as a passing stranger, they seemed anxious to gain my good opinion. They told me the story of the Dead City—that it had been a notable manufacturing and commercial mark, sheltering 20,000 persons; that they had waged war with the inhabitants for several years and had been finally successful, only a few days before my visit, in an action fought in front of the ruined suburb, after which they had driven them forth at the point of the sword. The defense, they said, had been obstinate, but gave way on third day's bombardment. They boasted greatly of their prowess, especially in this battle, as they called

it; but I discovered they were not of one mind as to certain of the exploits that had distinguished it—one of which, as I remember, was that they had slain a father and his son, a boy of fifteen, not long residents of the fated city, whom they admitted to have borne characters without reproach.

They also conducted me inside the massive sculptured walls of the curious temple in which they said the banished inhabitants were accustomed to celebrate the mystic rites of an unhallowed worship. They particularly pointed out to me certain features of the building, which, having been the peculiar objects of a former superstitious regard, they had as a matter of duty seriously defiled and defaced. The reputed sites of certain shrines they had thus particularly noticed, and various sheltered chambers, in one of which was a deep well, constructed, they believed, with a dreadful design. Besides these they led me to see a large and deep-chiseled marble vase or basin, supported upon twelve oxen, also of marble, and of the size of life, of which they told me some romantic stories. They said the deluded persons, most of whom were immigrants from a great distance, believed their reception here of a baptism of regeneration, as proxies for whomsoever they held in warm affection in the countries from which they had come. That here parents "went into the water" for their lost children, children for their parents, widows for their spouses, and young persons for their lovers. That thus the Great Vase came to be for them associated with all dear and distant memories, and was, therefore, the object of all others in the building to which they attached the greatest degree of idolatrous affection. On this account the victors had so diligently desecrated it, as to render the apartment in which it was contained too noisome to bide in.

They permitted me also to ascend into the steeple, to see where it had been lightning-struck on the Sabbath before; and to look out, East and South, on wasted farms like those I had seen near the city, extending till they were lost in the distance. Here, in the face of pure day, close to the scar of the Divine wrath left by the thunderbolt, were fragments of food, cruses of liquor, and broken drinking vessels with a bass drum and a steamboat signal bell of which I afterwards learned the use with pain.

It was after night fall when I was ready to cross the river on my return. The wind had freshened since the sunset; and the water beating roughly into my little boat, I headed higher up stream than the point I had left in the morning, and landed where a faint glimmering light invited me to steer. Here among the dock and rushes, sheltered only by the darkness, without roof between them and the sky, I came upon a crowd of several hundred creatures, whom my movements aroused from uneasy slumber upon the ground. Passing these on the way to the light, found it came from a tallow candle in a paper funnel shade such as is used by street venders of apples and peanuts, and which flaring and guttering away in the bleak air

off the water, shone flickeringly on the emaciated features of a man in the last stage of a bilious remittent fever. They had done their best for him. Over his head was something like a tent, made of a sheet or two, and he rested on a but partially ripped open old straw mattress, with a hair sofa cushion under his head for a pillow. His gaping jaw and glazing eyes told how short a time he would monopolize these luxuries; though a seemingly bewildered and excited person, who might have been his wife, seemed to find hope in occasionally forcing him to swallow awkwardly-measured sips of the tepid river water from a burned and battered bitter-smelling tin coffee pot. Those who knew better had furnished the apothecary he needed—a toothless old bald head—whose manner had the repulsive dullness of one familiar with death scenes. He, so long as I remained, mumbled in his patient's ear a monotonous and melancholy prayer, between the pauses of which I heard the hiccup and sobbing of two little girls who were sitting up on a piece of driftwood outside.

Dreadful indeed was the suffering of these forsaken beings. Cowed and cramped by cold and sunburn, alternating as each weary day and night dragged on they were almost all of them crippled victims of disease. They were there because they had no homes, nor hospitals, nor poor house, nor friends to offer them any. They could not satisfy the feeble cravings of their sick; they had not bread to quiet the fractious hunger cries of their children. Mothers and babes, daughters and grandparents, all of them alike, were bivouacked in tatters, wanting even covering to comfort those whom the sick-shiver of fever was searching to the morrow.

These were Mormons famishing in Lee County, Iowa, in the fourth week of the month of September in the year of our Lord, 1846. The city—it was Nauvoo, Illinois. The Mormons were the owners of the city, and the smiling country round. And those who had stopped their ploughs, who had silenced their hammers, their axes, their shuttles and their workshop wheels; those who had put out their fires, who had eaten their food, spoiled their orchards, and trampled underfoot their thousands of acres of unharvested bread, these, were the keepers of their dwellings, the carousers of their temple—whose drunken riot insulted the ears of their dying.

I think it was as I turned from this wretched night-watch of which I had spoken, that I first listened to the sounds of revel of a party of the guard within the city. Above the distant hum of the voices of many, occasionally rose distinct loud oath-tainted exclamations, and the falsely intonated scrap of vulgar songs; but lest this requiem should go unheeded, every now and then, when their boisterous orgies strove to attain a sort of ecstatic climax, a cruel spirit of insulting frolic carried some of them into the high belfry of the Temple steeple, and there with the wicked childishness of inebriety, they whooped, and shrieked, and beat the drum that I had seen, and rang in charivariic unison their loud-tongued steamboat bell.

They were, all told, not more than six hundred and forty persons who were thus lying on the river flats. But the Mormons in Nauvoo and its dependencies had been numbered the year before at over 20,000. Where were they? They had last been seen carrying in mournful trains their sick and wounded, old and blind, to disappear behind the western horizon, pursuing the phantom of another home. Hardly anything else was known of them; and people asked with curiosity—what had been their fate—what their fortune?

I purpose making these questions the subject of my lecture. Since the expulsion of the Mormons, to the present date, I have been intimately conversant with the details of their history; but I shall invite your attention most particularly to an account of what happened to them during their first year in the wilderness, because at this time more than any other, being lost to public view—they were the subjects of fable and misconception. Happily it was during this period I myself moved with them; and earned at a dear price as some among you are aware, my right to speak with authority of them and their character, their trials, achievements, and intentions.

THE EXILES

The party encountered by me at the river shore was the last of the Mormons that left the city. They had all of them agreed the year before that they would vacate their homes, and seek some other place of refuge. It had been the condition of a truce between them and their assailants; and as an earnest of their good faith. The chief elders and some others of obnoxious standing, with their families, were to set out for the west in the spring of 1846. It had been stipulated in return that the rest of the Mormons might remain behind in the peaceful enjoyment of their Illinois abode, until their leaders, with their exploring party, could with all diligence select for them a new place of settlement beyond the Rocky Mountains, in California, or elsewhere, and until they had opportunity to dispose, to the best advantage, of the property which they were then to leave.

Some renewed symptoms of hostile feeling had, however, determined the pioneer party to begin their work before the spring. It was, of course, anticipated that this would be a perilous service; but it was regarded as a matter of self-denying duty. The ardor and emulation of many, particularly the devout and the young, were stimulated by the difficulties involved, and the ranks of the party were therefore filled up with volunteers from among the most effective and responsible members of the sect. They began their march in midwinter, and by the beginning of February, nearly all of them were on the road, many of their wagons having crossed the Mississippi on ice. Under the most favorable conditions an expedition of this sort, undertaken at such a season of the year, could scarcely fail to be disastrous. (Nine children were born the first night the women camped out.)

But the pioneer company had to set out in haste, and were very imperfectly supplied with necessities. The cold was intense. They moved in the teeth of keen-edged northwest winds, such as sweeps down the Iowa Peninsula from the ice-bound region of the timber-shaded Slave Lake and Lake of the Woods on the bald prairie where nothing above the dead grass breaks their free course over the hard rolled hills. Even along the scattered water course, where they broke the thick ice to give their cattle drink, the annual autumn fires had left little wood of value. The party, therefore, often wanted for good campfires, the first luxury of all travelers, but to me insufficiently furnished with tents and other appliances of shelter, almost essential to life after days of fatigue, their nights often passed in restless efforts to keep themselves from freezing. Their stock of food also proved inadequate and, as their systems became impoverished, their suffering from cold increased.

Sickness with catarrhal infections, manacled by the dreadfully acute fetters of rheumatism, some contrived for awhile to get over the shortening day's march and drag along some others. But the sign of an impaired circulation soon began to show itself in the liability of all to be dreadfully frost bitten. The hardiest and strongest became helplessly crippled. About the same time the strength of their beasts of draught began to fail. The small supply of provender they could carry with them had given out. The winter-bleached prairie straw proved devoid of nourishment, and they could not keep from starving by seeking for the "browse," as it was called, or green bark and tender buds and branches of the cottonwood, and other stunted growths of the hollows.

To return to Nauvoo was apparently the only escape, but this would have been to give occasion for fresh mistrust, and so to bring new trouble to those they had left there behind them. They resolved, at least, to hold their ground, and to advance as they might, were it only by limping through the deep snows a few slow miles a day. They found a sort of comfort in comparing themselves to the exiles of Siberia, and sought cheerfulness in earnest prayings for the spring—longed for as morning by the tossing sick.

The spring came at last. It overtook them in the Sac and Fox county, still on the naked prairie, not yet half way over the trail they were following between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. But it brought its own troubles with it. The months with which it opened proved nearly as trying as the worst of the winter. The snow, sleet, and rain which fell, as it appeared to them, without intermission, made the road over the rich prairie soil as impassable as one vast bog of heavy black mud. Sometimes they would fasten the horses and oxen of four or five wagons to one, and attempt to get ahead in this way, taking turns; but at the close of a hard day of toil for themselves and their cattle, they would find themselves a quarter or a half mile from the place they had left in the morning. The heavy rainfall

raised the water courses; the most trifling streams were impassable. Wood fit for bridging was not often to be had, and in such cases the only resource was to halt for the freshet to subside—a matter, in the case of the headwater of the Chariton for instance, of over three weeks' delay.

These were dreary waitings upon Providence. The most spirited and steady murmured most at their forced inactivity. And even the women, whose heroic spirits had been proof against the lowest thermometric fall, confessed their tempers fluctuated with the ceaseless variations of the barometer. They complained, too, that the health of their children suffered more. It was a fact, that the open winds of March and April brought with them more mortal sickness than the sharpest freezing weather.

The frequent burials made the hardiest sicken. On the soldier's march it is a matter of discipline, that after the rattle of musketry over his comrade's grave he shall tramp it to the music of some careless tune in a lively quick step. But, in the Mormon camp, the companion who lay ill and gave up the ghost within view of all, all saw as he lay stretched a corpse, and all attended to his last resting place. It was a sorrow then, too, of itself, to simple hearted people, the deficient pomps of their imperfect style of funeral. The general hopefulness of human—including Mormon—nature, was well illustrated by the fact, the most provident were found unfurnished with undertaker's articles; so that bereaved affection was driven to the most melancholy makeshifts.

The best expedient generally was to cut down a log of some eight or nine feet in length and slitting it longitudinally, strip off its dark bark in two half cylinders. These, placed around the body of the deceased, and bound firmly together with switches of alburnum formed a rough sort of tubular coffin, which surviving relatives and friends with a little show of black crepe, could follow with its enclosure to the hole, or bit of ditch dug to receive it in the wet ground of the prairie. They grieved to lower it down so poorly clad, and in such an unheeded grave. It was hard—was it right—thus hurriedly to plunge it in one of the undistinguishable waves of the great land sea, and leave it behind them there under the cold north rain, abandoned, to be forgotten. They had no tombstones, nor could they find a rock to pile the monumental cairn. So, when they had filled up the grave, and over it prayed a Miserere prayer, and tried to sing a hopeful psalm, their last office was to seek out landmarks, or call in the surveyor to help them determine the bearings of valley bends, headlands, or forks and angles of constant streams, by which its position should in the future be remembered and recognized. The name of the beloved person, his age, the date of his death, and these marks were all registered with care. His party was then ready to move on. Such graves mark all the lines of the first years of Mormon travel—dispiriting milestones to failing stragglers in the rear.

It is an error to estimate largely the number of Mormons dead of starvation, strictly speaking. Want developed disease, and made them sink under fatigue, and maladies that otherwise would have proved trifling. But only those died of it outright who fell in out-of-the-way places that the hand of brotherhood could not reach. Among the rest no such thing as plenty was known, while any went hungry. If but a part of a group was supplied with provision, the only result was that the whole went on the half or quarter ration, according to the sufficiency that there was among them; and this so ungrudgingly and contentedly, that till some crisis of trial to their strength, they were themselves unaware that their health was sinking, and their vital force impaired.

NOT FOR THEMSELVES

Hale young men gave up their own provided food and shelter to the old and helpless, and walked their way back to parts of the frontier states, chiefly Missouri and Iowa, where they were not recognized, and hired themselves out for wages, to purchase more. Others were sent there to exchange for meal and flour, or wheat and corn, the table and bed furniture, and other last resources of personal property which a few had still retained.

In a kindred spirit of fraternal forecast, others laid out great farms in the wilds and planted in them the grain saved from their own bread, that there might be harvests for those who should follow them. Two of these in the Sac and Fox country, and beyond it, (Garden Grove and Mt. Pisgah), included within their fences about two miles of land a piece, carefully planted in grain, with a hamlet of comfortable log cabins in the neighborhood of each.

Through all this the pioneers found redeeming comfort in the thought that their own suffering was the price of immunity to their friends at home. But the arrival of spring proved this a delusion. Before the warm weather had made the earth dry enough for easy travel, messengers came in from Nauvoo to overtake the party, with fear, exaggerated tales of outrage, and to urge the chief men to hurry back to the city, that they might give counsel and assistance there. The enemy had only waited till the emigrants were supposed to be gone on their road too far to interfere with them, and then renewed their aggressions.

The Mormons outside Nauvoo were indeed hard pressed; but inside the city they maintained themselves very well for two or three months longer.

Strange to say, the chief part of this respite was devoted to completing the structure of their quaintly-devised but beautiful Temple. Since the dispersion of Jewry, probably, history affords us no parallel to the attachment of the Mormons for this edifice. Every architectural element, every most fantastic emblem it embodied, was associated for them, with some cherished feature of their religion. Its erection

had been enjoined upon them as a most sacred duty. They were proud of the honor it conferred upon their city, when it grew up in its splendor to become the chief object of the admiration of strangers upon the upper Mississippi.—Besides they had built it as labor of love; they could count up to half a million the value of their tithings and free-will offerings laid upon it. Hardly a Mormon woman had not given up to it some trinket or pin money: the poorest Mormon man had served at least the tenth part of his year on its walls; and the coarsest artisan could turn to it with something of the ennobling attachment of an artist for his fair creation. Therefore, though their enemies drove on them ruthlessly, they succeeded in parrying the last sword-thrust till they had completed even the gilding of the angel and trumpet of its lofty spire. As a closing work, they placed on the entablature of the font, like a baptismal mark on the forehead,

The House of the Lord.

Built by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Holiness to the Lord.

Then at high noon, under the bright sunshine of May, they consecrated it to divine service. There was a carefully studied ceremonial for the occasion. It was said the high elders of the sect traveled furtively from the Camp of Israel in the Wilderness; and throwing off ingenious disguises, appeared in their own robes of holy office, to give it splendor.

For that one day the Temple stood resplendent in all its typical glories of sun, moon, and stars, and other abounding figured and lettered signs, hieroglyphs, and symbols: but that day only. The sacred rights of consecration ended, the work of removing the sacrosancta proceeded with the rapidity of magic. It went on through the night; and when the morning of the next day dawned, all the ornaments and furniture everything that could provide a sneer had been carried off; and except some fixtures that would not bear removal, the building was dismantled to the bare walls.

It was this day saw the departure of the last elders, and the largest band that moved in one company together. The people of Iowa have told me that from morning to night they passed westward like an endless procession. They did not seem greatly out of heart, they said, but at the top of every hill, before they disappeared, were to be seen looking back, like banished Moors, on their abandoned homes, and the far-seen Temple and its glittering spire.

After this consecration, which was construed to indicate an insincerity on the part of the Mormons as to their stipulated departure, or at least a hope of return, their foes set upon them with renewed bitterness. As many fled as were at all prepared; but by the very fact of their so decreasing the already diminished forces of the city's defenders, they encouraged the enemy to greater boldness. It soon

became apparent that nothing short of an immediate emigration could save the remnant.

From this time onward the energies of those already on the road were engrossed by the duty of providing for the fugitives who came crowding in after them. At a last general meeting of the sect in Nauvoo, there had been passed an unanimous resolve that they would sustain one another, whatever their circumstances upon the march; and this, though made in view of no such appalling exigency, they now with one accord set themselves together to carry out.

Here begins the touching period of Mormon history; on which, but that it is for me a hackneyed subject, I should be glad to dwell, were it only for the proof it has afforded on the strictly material value to communities of an active common faith, and its happy illustrations of the power of the spirit of Christian fraternity to relieve the deepest of human suffering. I may assume that it has already fully claimed the public sympathy.

Delayed thus by their own wants, and by their exertions to provide for the wants of others, it was not till the month of June that the advance of the emigrant companies arrived at the Missouri.

KANE HEARS "MORMON" STORIES

This body, I remember, I had to join there, ascending the river for the purpose from Fort Leavenworth, which was at that time our frontier post. The fort was the interesting rendezvous of the Army of the West, and the headquarters of its gallant chief, Stephen F. Kearney, whose guest and friend I account in my honor to have been. Many as were the reports daily received at the garrison from all portions of the Indian territory, it was a significant fact, how little authentic intelligence was to be obtained concerning the Mormons. Even in the region in which they were to be sought after, was a question not attempted to be designated with accuracy, except by what are very well called in the West—*Mormon stories*, none of which bore any sifting. One of these averred, that a party of Mormons, in spangled crimson robes of office, headed by one in black velvet and silver, had been teaching a Jewish pow-wow to the medicine men of the Saux and the Foxes. Another averred that they were going about in buffalo robe short frocks, imitative of the costume of St. John, preaching baptism and the instance of the kingdom of heaven among the Ioways. To believe one report, ammunition and whisky had been received by Indian braves at the hands of an elder with a flowing white beard, who spoke Indian, he alleged, because he had the gift of tongues—this as far north as the country of the Yanketon Sioux. According to another yet, which professed to be derived from at least one Indian sub-agent, the Mormons had distributed the scarlet uniforms of the H.B.M.'s servants among the Pottawatamies, and had carried into their country twelve pieces of brass cannon, which were counted

by a traveler as they were rafted across the East Fork of Grand River, one of the northern tributaries of the Missouri. The narrators of these pleasant stories were at variance as to the position of the Mormons by a couple of hundred leagues; but they harmonized in the warning, that to seek certain of the leading camps, would be to meet the treatment of a spy.

Almost at the outset of my journey from Fort Leavenworth, while yet upon the edge of the Indian border, I had the good fortune to fall in with a couple of thin-necked sallow persons, in patchwork pantaloons, conducting northward wagonloads of Indian corn, which they had obtained, according to their own account, in barter from a squatter for some silver spoons, and a feather bed. Their character was disclosed by their eager request of a bite from my wallet; in default of which, after a somewhat superfluous grace, they made an imperfect lunch before me off the softer of their corn ears, eating the grains as horses do from the cob. I took their advice to follow up the Missouri; somewhere not far from which, in the Pottawatamie country, they were sure I would encounter one of their advancing companies.

I had bad weather on the road. Excessive heats, varied only by repeated drenchings, thunder squalls, knocked upon my horse, my only traveling companion, and otherwise added to the ordinary hardships of a kind of life, to which I was as yet little accustomed. I suffered a sense of discomfort, therefore, amounting to physical nostalgia, and was, in fact, wearied to death of the staring silence of the prairie, before I came upon the objects of my search.

COUNCIL BLUFFS

They were collected a little distance above the Pottawatamie Agency. The hills of the "High Prairie" crowding upon the river at this point, and overhanging it, appear of an unusual and commanding elevation. They are called the Council Bluffs; a name given them with another meaning, but well illustrated by the picturesque congress of their high and mighty summits. To the south of them, a rich alluvial flat of considerable width follows down the Missouri, some eight miles, to where it is lost from view at a turn, which forms the site of the Indian town of Point aux Poules. Across the river from this spot, the hills recur again, but are skirted at their base by as much low ground as suffices for a landing.

This landing, and the large flat or bottom on the east side of the river, were crowded with covered carts and wagons; and each one of the Council Bluff hills opposite was crowned with its own great camp, gay with bright white canvas, and alive with the busy stir of swarming occupants. In the clear blue morning air, the smoke steamed up from more than a thousand cooking fires. Countless roads and by-paths checkered all manner of geometric figures on the hill

sides. Herd boys were dozing upon the slopes; sheep and horses, cows and oxen, were feeding around them, and other herds in the luxuriant meadow of the then swollen river. From a single point, I counted four thousand head of cattle in view at one time. As I approached the camp, it seemed to me that the children there were to prove still more numerous. Along a little creek I had to cross were women in greater force than "blanchisseuses" upon the Seine, washing and rinsing all manner of white muslins, red flannels, and parti-colored calicoes, and hanging them to bleach upon a greater area of grass and bushes than we can display in all our Washington Square.

Hastening by these, I saluted a group of noisy boys, whose purely vernacular cries had for me an invincible home-savoring attraction. It was one of them, a bright faced lad, who hurrying on his jacket and trousers, fresh from bathing in the creek, first assured me I was at my right destination. He was a mere child, but he told me of his own accord where I had best go seek my welcome, and took my horse's bridle to help me pass a morass, the bridge over which, he alleged, to be unsafe.

There was something joyous for me in my free rambles about this vast body of pilgrims. I could range the wild country wherever I liked, under safeguard of their moving host. Not only in the main camps was all stir and life, but in every direction, it seemed to me I could follow "Mormon Roads," and find them beaten hard and even dusty by the wear and tread of the cattle, and vehicles of emigrants laboring over them. By day, I would overtake and pass one after another, what amounted to any army train of them; and at night, if I encamped where the timber and running water were found together, I was almost sure to be within call of some camp or other, or at least within sight of its watch-fires. Whenever I was compelled to tarry, I was certain to find shelter and hospitality, scant, indeed, but never stinted, and always honest and kind. After a recent unavoidable association with the border inhabitants of Western Missouri and Iowa, the vile scum which our own society, to apply the words of an admirable gentleman and eminent divine, Rev. Dr. Morton of Philadelphia, "like the great ocean washes upon its frontier shores," I can scarcely describe the gratification I felt in associating with persons who were almost all of Eastern American origin—persons of refined and cleanly habits and decent language, and in observing their peculiar and interesting mode of life; while every day seemed to bring with it its own especial incident, fruitful in the illustration of habits and character.

It was during the period of which I have just spoken, that the Mormon Battalion of 520 men was recruited and marched to the Pacific Coast. At the commencement of the Mexican war, the President considered it desirable to march a body of reliable infantry to California at as early a period as practicable, and the known hardihood and habits of discipline of the Mormons, were supposed peculiarly

to fit them for this service. As California was supposed also to be their ultimate destination the long march might cost them less than other citizens. They were accordingly invited to furnish a battalion of volunteers early in the month of July.

The call could hardly be more inconveniently timed. The young and those who could best have been spared, were then away from the main body, either with pioneer companies in the van, or, their faith unannounced, seeking work and food about the northwestern settlements, to support them until the return of the season for commencing emigration. The force was, therefore, to be recruited from among the fathers of families, and others whose presence it was most desirable to retain.

There were some, too, who could not view the invitation without jealousy. They had twice been persuaded by (State) Government authorities in Illinois and Missouri, to give up their arms on some special appeals to their patriotic confidence, and had then been left to the malice of their enemies. And now they were asked in the midst of the Indian country, to surrender over five hundred of their best men for a war-march of thousands of miles to California, without the hope of return till after the conquest of that country. Could they view such a proposition with favor?

But the feeling of country triumphed. The Union had never wronged them:—"You shall have your battalion at once, if it has to be a class of elders," said one, himself a ruling elder. A central "mass meeting" for council, some harangues at the more remotely scattered camps, an American flag brought out from the storehouse of things rescued, and hoisted to the top of a tree mast—and, in three days, the force was reported, mustered, organized, and ready to march.

There was no sentimental affection at their leave taking. The afternoon before was appropriated to a farewell ball; and a more merry dancing rout I have never seen, though the company went without refreshments, and their ballroom was of the most primitive. It was the custom, whenever the larger camps rested for a few days together, to make great arbors or boweries, as they called them, of poles and brush, and wattling, as places of shelter for their meetings of devotion or conference. In one of these where the ground had been trodden firm and hard by the worshippers of the popular Father Taylor's precinct, was gathered now the mirth and beauty of the Mormon Israel.

If anything told the Mormons had been bred to other lives, it was the appearance of the women, as they assembled here. Before their flight, they had sold their watches and trinkets as the most available resources for raising money; and hence, like their partners who wore waistcoats cut with useless watch pockets, they, although their ears were pierced and bore the loop-marks of rejected pendants, were

without earrings, finger-rings, chains or brooches. Except such ornaments, however, they lacked nothing most becoming the attire of decorous maidens. The neatly darned white stocking, and clean, bright petticoat, the artistically clear starched collar and chemisette, the something faded, only because too well washed, lawn or gingham gown, that fitted modishly to the waist of its pretty wearer,—these, if any of them spoke of poverty, spoke of a poverty that had known of its better days.

With the rest attended the elders of the Church within call, including nearly all the chiefs of the High Council, with their wives and children. They, the gravest and most trouble-worn, seemed the most anxious of any to be the first to throw off the burden of heavy thoughts. Their leading off the dancing in a great double cotillion, was the signal which bade the festivity commence. To the canto of debonair violins, the cheer of horns, the jingle of sleigh bells, and the jovial snoring of the tambourine, they did dance! None of your minuets or other mortuary processions of gentles in etiquette, tight shoes, and pinching gloves, but the spirited and scientific displays of our venerated and merry grandparents, who were not above following the fiddle to the Foxchase Inn, or Gardens of Gray's Ferry. French Fours, Copenhagen jigs, Virginia reels, and the like forgotten figures executed with the spirit of people too happy to be slow, or bashful, or constrained. Light hearts, lithe figures, and light feet, had it their own way from an early hour till after the sun had dipped behind the sharp outline of the skyline of the Omaha hills. Silence was then called, and a well cultivated mezzo-soprano voice, belonging to a young lady with a fair face and dark eyes gave, with quartette accompaniment, a little song, the notes of which I have been unsuccessful in repeated efforts to obtain since—a version of the text touching to all earthly wanderers:

"By the rivers of Babylon we sat down and wept.
We wept when we remembered Zion."

There was danger of some expression of feeling when the song was over, for it had begun to draw tears! but breaking the quiet with his hard voice, an Elder asked the blessing of Heaven on all who, with purity of heart and brotherhood of spirit, had mingled in that society, and then all dispersed, hastening to cover from the falling dews. All, I remember, but some splendid Indians, who in cardinal scarlet blankets and feathered legging, had been making foreground figures, like those in Mr. West's picture of our Philadelphia Treaty and staring their inability to comprehend the wonderful performances. These loitered to the last as if unwilling to seek their abject homes.

Well as I knew the peculiar fondness of the Mormons for music, their orchestra in service on this occasion astonished me by its numbers and fine drill. The story was that an eloquent Mormon missionary had converted its members in a body at an English town, a stronghold

of the sect, and that they took up their trumpets, trombones, drums and hautboys together and followed him to America.

When the refugees from Nauvoo were hastening to part with their tableware, jewelry, and almost every other fragment of metal wealth they possessed that was not iron, they had never a thought of giving up the instruments of this favorite band. And when the battalion was enlisted, though high inducements were offered some of the performers to accompany it, they all refused. Their fortunes went with the camp of the Tabernacle. They had led the farewell service in the Nauvoo Temple. Their office now was to guide the monster choruses and Sunday hymns; and like the trumpets of silver, made of a whole piece, "for the calling of the assembly, and for the journeying of the camps, to knoll the people into church. Some of their wind instruments, indeed, were uncommonly full and pure toned, and in that clear dry air could be heard a great distance. It had the strangest effect in the world to listen to their sweet music winding over the uninhabited country. Something of the style of a Moravian death tune blown at daybreak, but altogether unique. It might be when you were hunting a ford over the Great Platte, the dreariest of all wild rivers, perplexed among the far-reaching sand bars, and curlew shallows of its shifting bed:—the wind rising would bring you the first faint thought of a melody; and as you listened, borne down upon a gust that swept past you a cloud of the dry sifted sands, you recognized it—perhaps a home loved theme of Henry Proch or Mendelssohn. Mendelssohn Bartholdy, away there in the Indian Marches!

THE PIONEER CAMP

The battalion gone, the host again moved on. The tents which had gathered on the hill summits, like white birds hesitating to venture on the long flight over the river, were struck one after another, and the dwellers in them, and their wagons and their cattle, hastened down to cross it at a ferry in the valley, which they made ply night and day. A little beyond the landing they formed their companies, and made their preparations for the last and longest stage of their journey. It was a more serious matter to cross the mountains than now, that the thirst of our people for the gold of California has made the region between them and their desire such literally trodden ground.

Thanks to this wonderful movement. I may dismiss an effort to describe the incidents of emigrant life upon the Plains, presuming that you have been made more than familiar with them already, by the many repeated descriptions of which they have been the subject. The desert march, the ford, the quicksand, the Indian battle, the bison chase, the prairie fire,—the adventures of the Mormons comprised every variety of these varieties; but I could not hope to invest them with the interest of novelty. The character of their everyday life,

its routine and conduct, alone offered any exclusive or marked peculiarity. Their romantic devotional observances, and their admirable concert of purpose and action, met the eye at once. After these, the stranger was most struck, perhaps, by the strict order of march, the unconfused closing up to meet the attack, the skillful securing of the cattle upon the halt, the system with which the watches were set at night to guard them and the lines of corral—with other similar circumstances indicative of the maintenance of a high state of discipline. Every ten of their wagons was under the care of a captain. This captain of ten, as they termed him, obeyed a captain of fifty; who, in turn, obeyed his captain of a hundred, or directly a member of what they call the High Council of the Church. All these were responsible and determined men, approved of by the people for their courage, discretion, and experience. So well recognized were the results of this organization that bands of hostile Indians have passed by comparative small parties of Mormons, to attack much larger, but less compact bodies of other emigrants.

The most striking feature, however, of the Mormon emigration was undoubtedly their formation of the Tabernacle Camps and temporary Stakes or Settlements, which renewed in the sleeping solitudes, everywhere along their road, the cheering signs of intelligent and hopeful life. I will make this remark plainer by describing to you one of these camps, with the daily routine of its inhabitants. I select at random, for my purpose, a large camp upon the delta between Nebraska and Missouri, in the territory disputed between Omaha and Otto and Missouri Indians. It remained pitched here for nearly two months, during which period I resided in it.

It was situated near the Petit Papillon, or Little Butterfly River, and upon some finely rounded hills that encircle a favorite cool spring. On each of these a square was marked out; and the wagons as they arrived took their positions along its four sides in double rows, so as to leave a roomy street or passage way between them. The tents were disposed also in rows, at intervals between the wagons. The cattle were folded in high-fenced yards outside. The quadrangle inside was left vacant for the sake of ventilation, and the streets covered in with leafy arbor work, and kept scrupulously clean, formed a shaded cloister walk. This was the place of exercise for slowly recovering invalids, the day-home of infants, and the evening promenade of all.

From the first formation of the camp all its inhabitants were constantly and laboriously occupied. Many of them were highly educated mechanics, and seemed only to need a day's anticipated rest to engage them at the forge, loom, or turning lathe, upon some needed chore of work. A Mormon gunsmith is the inventor of the excellent repeating rifle, that loads by slides instead of cylinders; and one of the neatest finished fire-arms I have ever seen was of this kind, wrought from scraps of old iron, and inlaid with the silver of a couple of half-dollars, under a hot July sun, in a spot where the average height of the grass

was above the workman's shoulders. I have seen a cobbler, after the halt of his party on the march, hunting along the river bank for a lapstone in the twilight, that he might finish a famous boot sole by the campfire; and I have had a piece of cloth, the wool of which was sheared, and dyed, and spun and woven, during a progress of over three hundred miles.

Their more interesting occupations, however, were those growing out of their peculiar circumstances and position. The chiefs were seldom without some curious affair on hand to settle with the restless Indians; while the immense labor and responsibility of the conduct of their unwieldy moving army, and the commissariat of its hundreds of famishing poor, also devolved upon them. They had good men they called Bishops, whose special office it was to look up the cases of extremest suffering; and their relief parties were out night and day to scour over every trail.

At this time, say two months before the final expulsion from Nauvoo, there were already along three hundred miles of the road between that city and our Papillon camp, over two thousand emigrating wagons, besides a large number of nondescript turn-outs, the motley make-shifts of poverty: from the unsuitably heavy cart that lumbered on mysteriously, with its sick driver hidden under its counterpane cover, to the crazy two-wheeled trundle, such as our own poor employ for the conveyance of their slop barrels; this pulled along, it may be by a little heifer, and rigged up only to drag some such lightweight as a baby, a sack of meal, or a pack of clothes and bedding.

Some of them were in distress from losses upon the way. A strong trait of the Mormons was their kindness to their brute dependents, and particularly to their beasts of draught. They gave them the holiday of the Sabbath whenever it came round: I believe they would have washed them with old wine, after the example of the emigrant Carthaginians, had they had any. Still in the slave-coast heats, under which the animals had to move, they sometimes foundered. Sometimes, too, they strayed off in the night, or were mired in morasses; or oftener were stolen by Indians, who found market covert for such plunder among the horse-thief whites of the frontier. But the great mass of these pilgrims of the desert was made up of poor folks, who had fled in destitution from Nauvoo, and been refused a resting place by the people of Iowa.

It is difficult fully to understand the state of helplessness in which some of these would arrive, after accomplishing a journey of such extent, under circumstances of so much privation and peril. The fact was, they seemed to believe that all their trouble would be at an end if they could only come up with their comrades at the Great Camps. For this they calculated their resources, among which their power of endurance was by much the largest and most reliable item, and they were not disappointed if they arrived with these utterly exhausted.

I remember a single instance of this at the Papillon camp. It was that of a joyous-hearted clever fellow, whose songs and fiddle tunes were the life and delight of Nauvoo in its merry days. I forget this story, and how exactly it fell about, that after a Mormon's full peck of troubles, he started after us with his wife and little ones, from some "lying down place" in Indian country, where he had contended with an attack of a serious malady. He was just convalescent, and the fatigue of marching on foot again with a child on his back, speedily brought on a relapse. But his anxiety to reach a place where he could expect to meet his friends with shelter and food, was such that he only pressed on the harder. Probably for more than a week of the dog-star weather, he labored on under a high fever, walking every day till he was entirely exhausted. His limbs failed him then; but his courage holding out, he got into his covered cart, on top of its freight of baggage, and made them drive him on, while he lay down. They could hardly believe how ill he was, he talked on so cheerfully—"I've nothing on earth ailing me but home sickness: I'm cured the very minute I get to camp and see the brethren."

Not being able thus to watch his course, he lost his way and had to regain it through a wretched tract of Low Meadow Prairie, where there were no trees to break the noon, nor water but what was ague-sweet or brackish. By the time he got back to the trail of the High Prairie, he was, in his own phrase, "pretty far gone!" Yet he was resolute in his purpose as ever, and to a party he fell in with, avowed his intention to be cured at the camp, and no where else! He even jested with them, comparing his jolting couch to a summer cot in a whitewashed cockloft. "But I'll make them take me down," he said, "and give me a dip in the river when I get there. All I care for is to see the brethren." His determined bearing rallied the spirit of his traveling household, and they kept on their way till he was within a few hours' journey of the camp. He entered on his last day's journey with the energy of increased hope.

I remember that day well. For in the evening I mounted a tired horse to do a short errand, and in mere pity had to turn back before I had walked him a couple of hundred yards. Nothing seemed to draw life from the languid air but the clouds of gnats and stinging midges; and long after sundown it was so hot that the sheep lay on their stomachs panting, and the cattle strove to lap wind like hard-fagged hunting dogs. In camp, I had spent the day in watching the invalids, and the rest hunting the shade under the wagon bodies, and veering about them like the shadows round the sun-dial. I know I thought myself wretched enough to be of their company.

Poor Merryman had all that heat to bear, with the mere pretense of an awning to screen out the sun from his close muslin cockloft. He did not fail till somewhere hard upon noon. He then began to grow restless, to know accurately the distance traveled. He made

them give him water, too, much more frequently; and when they stopped for this purpose, asked a number of obscure questions. A little after this he discovered himself that a film had come over his eyes. He confessed that this was discouraging; but said with stubborn resignation, that if denied to see the brethren, he still should hear the sound of their voices. After this, which was when he was hardly three miles from our camp, he lay very quiet, as if husbanding his strength; but when he had made, as is thought, a full mile further, being interrogated by the woman that was driving, whether she should stop, he answered her, as she avers, "No, no! go on!" The anecdote ends badly. They brought him in dead, I think about five o'clock of the afternoon. He had on his clean clothes, as he had dressed himself in the morning, looking forward to his arrival.

Beside the common duty of guiding and assisting these unfortunates, the companies in the van united in providing the highway for the entire body of emigrants. The Mormons have laid out for themselves a road through the Indian Territory, over four hundred leagues in length, with substantial, well-built bridges, fit for the passage of heavy artillery, over all the streams, except a few great rivers where they have established permanent ferries. The nearest unfinished bridging to the Papillon camp was that of the Corne a' Cerf, or Elk Horn, a tributary of the Platte, distance may be a couple of hours march. Here, in what seemed to be an incredibly short space of time, there rose the seven great piers and abutments of a bridge, such as might challenge honors for the entire public-spirited population of Lower Virginia. The party detailed to the task worked in the broiling sun, in water beyond depth, and up to their necks, as if engaged in the perpetration of some pointed and delightful practical joke. The chief sport lay in floating along with logs, cut from the overhanging timber up the stream, guiding them till they reached their destination, and then plunging them under water in the precise spot where they were to be secured. This, the laughing engineers would execute with the agility of happy diving ducks.

Our nearest ferry was that over the Missouri. Nearly opposite the Pull Point, or Point aux Poules, a trading post of the American Fur Company, and a village of the Pottawatamies, they had gained a favorable crossing, by making a deep cut for the road through the steep right bank. And here, without intermission, their flat-bottomed scows plied, crowded with the wagons, and cows, and sheep, and children, and furniture of the emigrants, who in waiting their turn, made the woods around smoke with their crowding campfires. But no such good fortune as a gratuitous passage awaited the heavy cattle, of which with the others, no less than 30,000 were at this time on their way westward; these were made to earn it by swimming.

A heavy freshet had at this time swollen the river to a width, as I should judge, of something like a mile and a half, and dashed past, its fierce current rushing, and gurgling, and eddying, as if thrown from

of some of the mightiest rivers of our continent, and sometimes literally cutting their road through heavy and ragged timber. They arrived at the grand basin of the Great Salt Lake, much exhausted, but without losing a man, and in time to plant for a partial autumn harvest.

Another party started after these pioneers, from the Omaha winter quarters, in the summer. They had 566 wagons, and carried large quantities of grain, which they were able to put in the ground before it froze.

The same season also these were joined by a part of the Battalion and other members of the Church, who came eastward from California and the Sandwich Islands. Together they fortified themselves strongly with sunbrick-wall and block houses, and living safely through the winter, were able to tend crops that yielded ample provision for the ensuing year.

In 1848, nearly all of the remaining members of the Church left the Missouri country in a succession of powerful bands, invigorated and enriched by their abundant harvests there; and that year saw fully established their commonwealth of the New Covenant, the future State of Deseret.

I may not undertake to describe to you in a single lecture the geography of Deseret, and its Great Basin. Were I to consider the face of the country, its military position, or its climate, or its natural productions; each head, I am confident, would claim more time than you have now to spare. For Deseret is emphatically a new country; new in its own characteristic features, newer still in its bringing together within its limits the most inconsistent peculiarities of other countries. I cannot aptly compare it to any. Descend from the mountains where you have the scenery and climate of Switzerland, to seek the sky of your choice among the many climates of Italy, and you may find welling out of the same hills, the freezing Springs of Mexico, and the hot springs of Iceland, both together coursing their way to the Salt Sea of Palestine in the plain below. The pages of Malta Brun provide me with a less truthful parallel to it than those which describe the happy valley of Rasselas or the continent of Balnibarbi.

THE CRICKETS, THEN THE GULLS

Only two events have occurred to menace seriously the establishment at Deseret: the first threatened to destroy its crops, the other to break it up altogether. The shores of the Salt Lake are infested by a sort of insect pest which claims a vile resemblance to the locust of the Syrian Dead Sea. Wingless, dumpy, black, swollen-headed, with bulging eyes, in cases like goggles, mounted upon legs of steel wire and clock spring, and with a general personal appearance that justified the Mormons in comparing him to a cross of the spider on the buffalo, the Deseret cricket comes down from the mountains

at a certain season of the year, in voracious and desolating myriads. It was just at this season that the new crops of the first settlers were in the full glory of their youthful green. The assailants could not be repulsed. The Mormons after their fashion, prayed and fought, and fought and prayed, but to no purpose. The "Black Philistines" mowed their way, even with the ground, leaving it as if touched with an acid or burnt by fire.

But an unlooked for ally came to the rescue. Vast armies of bright birds, before strangers to the valley, hastened across the lake from some unknown quarter, and gorged themselves upon the well-fatted enemy. They were snow white with little heads and clear dark eyes, and little feet, and long wings, that arched in flight "like an angel's." At first the Mormons thought that they were new enemies to plague them; but when they found them hostile only to the locusts, they were careful not to molest them in their friendly office, and to this end declared a heavy fine against all who should kill or annoy them with fire arms. The gulls soon grew to be tame as the poultry, and the delighted little children learned to call them their pigeons. They disappeared every evening beyond the lake; but returning with sunrise, continued their welcome visitings until the crickets were all exterminated. This curious incident recurred the following year, with this variation, that in 1849 the gulls came earlier and saved the wheat crop from all harm whatever.

THE LAND OF GOLD

A more severe trial than the visit of the cricket-locusts threatened Deseret in the discovery of gold in California. It was due to a party of the Mormon Battalion recruited on the Missouri, who on their way home found employment at New Helvetia. They were digging a mill race there, and threw up the gold dust with their shovels. You all know the crazy fever that broke out as soon as this was announced. It infected every one through California. Where the gold was discovered, at Sutter's and around, the standing grain was left uncut; whites, Indians, and mustees, all set them to gathering gold, every other labor forsaken, as if the first comers could rob the casket of all that it contained. The disbanded soldiers came to the valley; they showed their poor companions pieces of the yellow treasure they had gained; and the cry was raised "To California!—To the gold of Ophir our brethren have discovered! To California!"

Some of you have perhaps come across the half ironic instruction on the heads of the Church to the faithful outside the Valley:—"The true use of gold is for paving streets, covering houses and making culinary dishes; and when the Saints shall have preached the gospel, raised grain, and built up cities enough, the Lord will open up the way for a supply of gold to the perfect satisfaction of His people. Until then, let them not be over anxious, for the treasures of the

assembled to see their leader off, and a committee of them filled the special car, on the Utah Southern Railroad, in which we made the first stage of our journey. We ran down Salt Lake Valley while the mountains on our left were still in shadows but the golden sunrise was resting on the tops of those on our right, and gradually slanting down towards the plain. The snow had melted from all but the highest summits and some of these were only veined within their ravines.

Stepping to the rear of the car to look at a trestle-work that was very long and very high for timberless Utah, we had a beautiful view of the city we had left nestling at the foot of the mountain; the blue Salt Lake and Antelope Island in the distance.

Sandy Station.—The dreamy tranquility of the scene was succeeded by a busy one at Sandy Station. We stopped to visit the newly-established smelting works of an English company, managed by Germans. Outside, lay heaps of ore, stacks of ingots of silver, and pigs of lead. Entering, we found ourselves just in time to see a stream of boiling metal run from one caldron to another. It looked transparent, having a black clearness like alcohol, and as I stood looking down into it I could scarcely believe that it was lead. The works had only been in operation a fortnight, but the foreman was in great delight over the results obtained by a new process, for the patent-right of which he said his company had paid \$100,000.

"It is as pure as the Swansea Works, and purer than we can obtain it in Germany," he exclaimed. "Only two penny weights of silver to the ton of lead." To my ignorance it seemed that the more silver there was, the better; but I found that he meant to express the complete separation of the metals effected by the new process. He wished to prove this on the spot by an interesting test, but our engine was hooting its impatience, and we were forced to resume our seats in the train. Mine was beside a sweet-looking elderly lady who, with her widowed sister, was to leave us at the next station to attend the meeting of a Female Relief Society.

Little Cottonwood.—A few minutes ride from Sandy Station brought us opposite the gorge of the "Little Cottonwood." It was hard to realize that thousands of men were busy in the recesses of that wild and desolate looking ravine. Yet the famous, or infamous, Emma Mine is there; and opposite across the sunny Jordan Valley, some twelve or fifteen miles off—though seeming scarcely three miles distant in the clear atmosphere—we saw Bingham Canyon, another noted mining locality. A little distance down the line, clouds of smoke were pouring from tall chimneys of another smelting establishment.

So far we were still in "Gentile" country. The Mormon president discourages mining among his people, but I suspect that a great many of his richer followers are interested in mining speculations.

Lehi.—We left the train at Lehi. It was not an attractive looking place, and I went no farther than the depot, where a crowd of stages, baggage wagons, and hurrying men intercepted the view. As I sat warming myself at the ticket office stove, a young lady, chief telegrapher from the Salt Lake office, with her dress neatly looped over her balmoral skirt, tripped up to the table where sat the Lehi telegraph clerk, a woman, too; and, after an effusive greeting, the pair subsided into business. The Lehi office was thoroughly inspected; satisfactorily, as it appeared from the tones of both ladies; the curt, dry, question and answer of the catechism ending in a pleasant chat, seasoned with adjectives and girlish interjections. Thousands of years behind us in some of their customs; in others, you would think these people the most forward children of the age.

I strolled out on the platform afterwards, to find President Young preparing for our journey—as he did every morning afterwards—by a personal inspection of the condition of every wheel, axle, horse and mule, and set of harness belonging to the party. He was peering like a well-intentioned wizard into every nook and cranny, pointing out a defect here and there with his bold, six-sided staff engraved with the hieroglyphics of many measures; more useful, though less romantic, than a Runic wand. He wore a great surtout, reaching almost to his feet, of dark green cloth lined with fur, a fur collar, cap, and a pair of sealskin boots with the undyed fur outward. I was amused at his odd appearance; but as he turned to address me, he removed a hideous pair of green goggles, and his keen blue-gray eyes met mine with their characteristic look of shrewd and cunning insight. I felt no further inclination to laugh. His photographs, accurate enough in other respects, altogether fail to give the expression of his eyes.

Provo.—Our afternoon drive to Provo followed the margin of Utah or Timpanogos Lake, a shining sheet of fresh water, which came into view when the exigencies of the landscape demanded. Near its shore were several flourishing villages, appearing in the distance as large fruit orchards, with detached dwellings scattered through them.

Hardly any "clap-boarded" houses are to be seen in Utah. The Mormons have an ugly, English-looking, burnt brick; but adobe ("dobies") or unburnt brick is most commonly used. I prefer the adobe—its general tint is of a soft dove color, which looks well under the trees. Sometimes the Mormons coat the adobe walls with plaster of Paris, which, in their dry climate, seems to adhere permanently. Its dazzling whiteness commends it to the housekeeper's, if not the artist's, eyes. The walls of the best houses in Provo were white or light colored, and, with their carved wooden window-dressings and piazzas and corniced roofs, looked trim as if fresh from the builder's hand.

Payson was the next stage from Provo. At every one of the places we stayed on this journey, we had prayers immediately after the dinner-supper, and prayers again before breakfast. No one was excused; wives, daughters, hired men and women all shuffled in.

Santaquin.—At another watering place, Santaquin, I think, somewhat above the general level of the plain, we saw quite a number of white-topped wagons slowly toiling along the dusty track below us. Some lighter ones turned aside, as we ourselves frequently did, to drive through the aromatic sagebrush. It scarcely afforded more obstruction to the wheels than grass would have done. But while we were standing at a watering trough up rolled one of the coaches of the Gilmore Stage line. I noticed that half-tipsy mirth on the countenances of the driver and of the two red-faced passengers, who were leaning out of the window watching his movements. By a skillfully given pull of the reins, he steered his heavy wagon right against the hub of our front wheel, and then drove off laughing. Unfortunately for the joker, however, the villagers beyond stopped his team, and he came back, crestfallen, to apologize.

Nephi.—I could see little of Nephi in the gathering darkness; it was evidently smaller than Provo. The carriages halted on entering the town, and separated company. Ours was driven rapidly up a cross street to a plain adobe house, standing by itself. Lights shone from every door and window; the father of the family stood waiting to help us out of the carriage, and the wives and children greeted us warmly as we crossed the threshold.

We were first ushered into a large bedroom on the ground floor, where a superb pitch-pine fire was blazing; and two well cushioned rocking-chairs were drawn forward for us, while half a dozen hospitable children took off my boys' wrappings, as the mother disembarassed me of mine.

Scipio.—Round Valley, or Scipio, is the poorest and newest of the settlements we stopped at, and has been troubled with the Indians. The Mormons say "troubled with Indians," as we might say "troubled with mosquitoes." No one had been killed for four years back, though cattle had been driven off that year, we were told.

The Bishop came riding out to meet us, a handsome, kindly-faced man, mounted on a horse that moved to T's admiration. We were taken to the house of his second wife, a little one-roomed log cabin, with a lean-to behind, in which the cooking was done. The living room was given up to us. Its main glory consisted in a wide chimney-place, on whose hearth a fire of great pine logs blazed, that sent a ruddy glow over the white-washed logs of the wall and the canvas ceiling, and penetrated every corner of the room with

delicious light and warmth. There was a substantial bedstead in one corner, and curtains of old-fashioned chintz were tacked from the ceiling around it as if it had been a four-poster, and a neat patchwork counterpane covered the soft feather-bed. A good rag-carpet was on the floor; clean white curtains hung at the windows; and clean white covers, edged with knitted lace, covered with various bracket-shelves that supported the housewife's Bible, Book of Mormon, work basket, looking glass and a few simple ornaments. Two or three pretty good colored prints hung on the walls. Then there was a mahogany bureau, a washstand, a rocking chair, and a half dozen wooden ones, with a large chest on which the owner's name was painted. The small round table was already spread for our supper with cakes, preserves, and pies; and the fair Lydia was busily engaged in bringing in hot rolls, meat, tea and other good things.

I have given this minute description of the furniture of the mansion of which I was the housekeeper for twelve hours, because it was a fair specimen of many of the humbler homes I visited in Utah. I have already remarked upon their unusual cleanliness.

Fillmore.—An abrupt descent into and out of the bed of Chalk Creek, brought us to Fillmore.

The place was on a rising ground above the plain and was backed by peaked mountains. I remember that I was shown the great, red building as we passed; I remember driving through an orchard that clothed two hillsides, sloping to a rivulet with three neat cottages embowered among the trees, the homes of Bishop Callister.

Kanosh, an old acquaintance of 1858, mourned to my husband over the changes death had caused in his band since then and asked to be told the truth; were any gifts or annuities allotted him by the government; or was he cheated out of them by the agents; had he not a right to stay on his farm his band cultivated at Corn Creek; why must he be "poked off with guns to Uintah?"

I do not intend to report Kanosh's set speech, although it struck me as decidedly clever. His prejudice against Mr. Dodge, the agent, has probably no greater foundation than most Indian complaints. How great that is, I reserve my opinion! My husband made Kanosh dictate a statement in his own words, which I took down in my pocket diary. The astute old fox made three persons read it to him to make sure I was not cheating him, before he made his mark:

"One snow-time since, I got blankets; no flour no beef, but a little last spring; no flour, no oats, no wheat, no corn, no bullets; no see nothing but Dodge. (Note Mr. D. is said to have been a Baptist clergyman or missionary.) Dodge talk heap talk; weino pesharrony katz yak—good talk, but no give." KANOSH (his X mark). Fillmore, December 17, 1872.